

THE "RAVEN"



NEVERMORE

Published by
THE EDGAR ALLEN POE
Literary Society of Texas Inc.

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ADELINE SCHMIDT

There once was a maiden named Adeline Schmidt
Who went to the doctor 'cause she couldn't shit
He gave her some medicine wrapped up in glass
Up went the window and out went her ass

CHORUS:

It was brown, brown, shit falling down
Brown, brown, shit all around
It was brown, brown, shit falling down
The whole world was covered with shit, shit, shit, shit.

A handsome young copper was walking his beat
He happened to be on that side of the street
He looked up so innocent, he looked up so shy
And a great gob of shit hit him right in the eye

CHORUS

That handsome young copper, he cursed and he swore
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore
Beneath London Bridge he is now forced to sit
With a sing 'round his neck saying "Blinded by Shit"

CHORUS

AIR CORPS LAMENT

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly
But now those hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by
The force is shot to hell!

CHORUS: Glory...flying regulations
Have them read at every station
Crucify the man who breaks one
The force is shot to hell!

My bones have felt their pounding throb, a hundred thousand strong
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly wrong
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song
The force is shot to hell!

I have seen them in the T-bolts when their eyes were dancing flame
I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted Goering's name
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame
Their spirit's shot to hell!

They flew B-26's through a living hell of flak
And bloody, dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back
But now they all play ping pong in the operations shack
Their technique's gone to hell!

Yes, the lordly Flying Fortress and the Liberator too
Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails in the blue
But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew
And we can't fly for hell!

One day I buzzed an airfield with another happy chap
We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap
But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of that
Or you both will burn in hell!

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song
About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong
The force is shot to hell!!

FINAL CHORUS: Glory! No more regulations!
Rip them down at every station!
Ground the guy that tries to make one!
AND LET US FLY LIKE HELL!

AND THE BAND PLAYED WALTZING MATILDA

When I was a young man I carried a pack
And I lived the free life of a Rover
From the Murray's green basin to the dusty outback
I waltzed my Matilda all over
Then in 1915 my Country said "Son
It's time to stop roving, there's work to be done
So they gave me a tin hat and they gave me a gun
And they sent me away to the war

And the band played Waltzing Matilda
As the ship pulled away from the Quay
And amidst all the cheers, the flag waving and tears
We set sail for Gallipoli

How well I remember that terrible day
How our blood stained the sand and the water
And how in that Hell they called Suvla Bay
We were butchered like lambs to the slaughter
Johnny Turk he was waiting, he'd primed himself well
He showered us with bullets and rained us with shell
And in five minutes flat, well, he'd blown us to hell
He nearly blew us right back to Australia

And the band played Waltzing Matilda
As we stopped to bury our slain
We buried ours, the Turks buried theirs
Then we started all over again

Those who were living just tried to survive
In a mad world of blood, death and fire
For ten weary weeks I kept myself alive
While around me the corpses piled higher
Then a big Turkish shell knocked me arse over head
And when I awoke in my hospital bed
I saw what it had done and I wished I was dead
Never knew there were worse things than dying

For I'll go no more waltzing Matilda
All around the green bush far and free
For to hunt and tent peg, a man needs both legs
No more waltzing Matilda for me

They collected the crippled, the wounded, the maimed
And shipped us all back to Australia
The armless, the legless, the blind, the insane
The brave wounded heroes of Suvla
And as our ship pulled in at circular quay
I looked at the place where my legs used to be
Thank Christ there was no one there waiting for me
To mourn, to grieve and to pity

And the band played Waltzing Matilda
As they carried us down the gangway
Nobody cheered, they just stood there and stared
And turned all their faces away

So now every April I sit on my porch
And I watch the parade pass before me
I see my old comrades how proudly they march
Reviving ol dreams and past glories
But the old men march slowly, old bones stiff and sore
These tired old men from a forgotten war
And the young people ask, "What are they marching for?"
And I ask myself the same question

But the band plays Waltzing Matilda
And the old men still answer the call
Year after year, they're fewer and fewer
Soon no one will march there at all...

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that Billabong
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me

ARMED RECCE

(Tune: Big Iron)

In the skies of southeast Asia where the fighter pilots dwell
There's a mission that you fly a lot, you get to know it well
They call it armed reconnaissance, you fly it fast and low
In the southern part of Package One that's known as Tally-ho.

You're briefed on the defenses all along the route you'll fly
You're scared but still you've got to go and so you take the sky
You get pre strike refueling and you take your flight on down
Cross the coast at butterfly and start to move around

You're headed north up route 1 A, the road looks clean and bare
But a truce is mighty hard to see from one mile in the air
You know you'll have to take it down though your heart is in your mouth
Now dead ahead's the ferry, that's the point you'll turn back south

And suddenly your heart stops as you see the thing you dread
Triple A is a comin' up and it fills the sky ahead
You fake the turn to left, and then you break hard up and right
Your wingman's in with CBU and it's a pretty sight

And now you're headed south again and really moving round
To make a harder target for the gunners on the ground
And then you see the convoy sittin' still beside the road
Arm up all your switches and prepare to drop your load

Touch off afterburner and pop up into the sun
But keep the convoy in your sight and start to make your run
Then the gunners start to shoot again, you see the flak ahead
Then it's bursting all around you and the sky is filled with lead

You can't go left, you can't go right, the flak is all around
So keep the convoy in your sight and keep on boring down
And then pickle off your bombload, and pull up and trust your luck
That the Triple-A will miss you and your bombs will hit the truck
But the flak is coming closer and your eyes are filled with tears
And before you've reached the coastline, you've aged a hundred years.

And suddenly you're out of it, the water's down below
Breathe easy now but don't relax 'cause sure as hell you know
That tomorrow is another day and once again you'll go
To the southern part of Package One and Recce Tally-ho.

BALLAD OF HOBO 51

(Tune: Wabash Cannon Ball)

Well, Hello, A SHAU Tower, this is HOBO 51
I'd like to use your runway although it's overrun
A friend of mine is down there, he's hiding in a ditch
I'd like to make a passenger stop and save that sonovabitch.

CHORUS:

Well listen to the small arms, hear the 20 mike mike roar
Those A-1 E's are bouncing off the A SHAU valley floor
With a mighty roar of vengeance hear the lonesome HOBO call
We'll get you home to mother when the work's all done this fall

Well he scrambled out of QUI NHON to try to save that camp
They got him in their gunsights and now his shorts are damp
The engine was on fire, it gave a final wheeze
He's hiding in the bushes now, altimeter setting, please.

CHORUS

Now the VC are descending upon his hiding place
Well have him meet the aircraft, I'm turning on my base
I see him over yonder, he's running awfully fast
With the VC right behind him with a rifle up his ass

CHORUS

Now our wingman sees a VC, oh, strafe him if you can
You'll have to get him quickly to save that dear old man
I've got him in the cockpit, he's standing on his head
You better let us take off or soon we'll both be dead

CHORUS

Now the take off it was frightful, they shot him full of holes
It looks just like a sieve, but still that A-1 rolls
Johnny looks at Bernie, and Bernie breathes a sigh
Goodbye dear old A SHAU, Lord, I thought we'd die

CHORUS

BALLAD OF SANDY LOW

They flew out of Korat City, headed where they did not know
Til the King Bird said a pilot's down, it's time for you to go
So they headed North across the fence behind the Sandy Low
Where the rules are fixed and you don't wanna mix with the bad
Guys down below.

CHORUS: Sandy Low, Sandy Low, without a doubt, he'll get him out

A Nail was there already, there was Triple-A below
So Nail said you've got it fried, you're cleared, I've gotta go
I've called for some gunfighters, 105's, and Aardvarks too
You've got a close fight on on your hands, the best of luck to you

CHORUS

SAR ALPHA was the frequency that Sandy found him on
He said, "I'm hurt and bleeding and my time is almost gone
There's Gomers on the hillside, and there's Gomers down below
They're comin' up to get me, oh God save me Sandy Low

CHORUS

The bad guys started shooting with everything they had
And Sandy knew from his first pass that it was really bad
With 3 and 4 to rendezvous, he called on number two
To watch his ass on his low pass to put in CBU

CHORUS

The Gomers were a-dyin', you could see the blood below
And Jolly was a-comin' fast to meet with Sandy Low
The Jolly went to hover, his elf had told him so
They dropped a line, the jock was fine, and now it's time to go

CHORUS

We fly out of Korat City, when ere we get the call
We get there fast with lots of gas, if ever you should fall
So when you hear the Sandy jet, just put put your mind at ease
You'll be back at the bar tonight, cause Sandys aim to please.

CHORUS

BATTLE OF 18.23 (Battle of New Orleans)

To 18.23 we took a little flight
On JCS direction we carried on the fight
We took some Baby Hueys and we took a Weasel too
And we bombed that bloody bridge until the pieces flew

CHORUS:

Oh, they fired their guns and the “Fives” kept a comin’
Though there wasn’t nigh as many as there was a while ago
They fired their missiles as the “Fives” began their run
On that bloody fuckin’ bridge in the valley far below

Oh, we lost four ships and the men in them too
Before we dropped a span in the muddy fucking goo
We tried it twice by land and we tried it twice by sea
The JCS were so happy, they giggled in their glee.

Now 18.23 will never more be used,
Once they decided how the bombs should be fused
There’s no time for Joy and no time for sorrow
The bastards have another and it’s fragged for tomorrow.

BESIDE A LAOTIAN WATERFALL

Beside a Loatian Waterfall
One bright and sunny day
Beside his shattered Oscar Ace
The Raven FAC did lay

His parachute hung from a nearby tree
He was not yet quite dead
So listen to the very last words
The Raven FAC he said

He said I'm going to a better land
Where everything is right
Where whisky flows from telegraph poles
Play poker every night

We haven't got a thing to do
But sit around and sing
Our crew chiefs are all women
Oh death where is thy sting

Oh death where is thy sting
Oh death where is thy sting
The bells of hell may ring-aling-ling
For you but not for me

Oh death where is thy sting
Oh death where is thy sting
The bells of hell may ring-aling-ling
For you but not for me

Oh ring-aling-ling, blow it out your ass
Oh ring-aling-ling, blow it out your ass
Oh ring-aling-ling, blow it out your ass
Better days are coming by and by, bullshit.

THE BIRDMEN

And if came to pass that before the sun was risen, the night orderly went forth
Out of his place to the abode of the Birdmen and roused them each in his turn.
And he retreated in haste, for he was wise in the ways of the Birdmen.

And the Birdmen cursed him loud and long, for his tidings were of no great joy.
For the Sweep cometh they knew, and only the keen were glad.
And the keen were few.
And the keen grew fewer at the fourth hour of the day.
And there was much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth and great unhappiness
in that place.
And a fear for their commissions was in them.
And they went.
And as they went there cometh unto them he of the great intellect who was known
as the I.O. (Intelligence Officer).
But he was known by other names also.
And one of the Birdmen said unto him: "What is this thou hast done unto me?
Wherefore hast thou beguiled me?"
And the I.O. said: "Thus is it done in our country."
And holding up a ribbon of blue and gold he spake:
"Fullfill this week and we will give thee this also for the service which thou
shalt serve us another seven years."
But the Birdmem trundleth off saying: "What manner of poppycock is this whereof"
he speaketh? The law of averages getteth us in the end. So be it."
"Verily, verily," sayeth the others, "Amen."
For they were not happy in the service that day and the pouches of their eyes
giveth witness.
And they went to the Holy of Holies called Planning Room.
And as they entered therein, each in his turn looketh upon the wall which hath
the map.
And behold, they looketh at the handwriting on the wall, for such it is.
And after each looketh at the lines thereon they sayeth one to another, "This
cannot be."
But soon one cometh among them known as Lead who sayeth, "It is so."
And all is quite as the tomb of the prophet.
And he gathereth his flock unto his bosom and speaketh earnestly of courses and
of times and of "P" for pod.
And they looketh upon his countenance but comprehendeth him not.
But he is wise and comprehendeth for them all.
Then he sayeth, pointing to the map:
"Behold this heap, this pillar which I have cast between thee and the SAM's. This
heap be witness and this pillar be witness that I shall not pass over this heap
to them least the SAM's cometh up. For "CROWN" maketh not light of early reveille."
And all that were there waggled their heads with gusto, saying, "Verily, it is so."
And then Lead sendeth messengers before him to his brother in the land of Phantom.
"Forsooth," sayeth he, "the spads will be welcome ere the sun seteth this day."
And it came to pass that he knew whereof he spake.
And Seventh felleth them. "Begone, for the hour of pressing draws nigh."
And thus they goeth to the jeeps and the jeeps to the dispersals.
And some goeth to the small house in panic.
And others goeth to the big house in greater panic.
And the head Birdman chooseth his flock for the day and some he husbandeth for yet
another day.
And those who goeth are called ones and twos and are given names by which each
knoweth the other.

And the No. 1 shareth his jamocoa with the No. 2 saying, "The Lord watch between me and three when we are close one to the other."

"And letteth not they bird to wander, for truly he that goeth alone treadeth the Valley of Shadow, and shall fear evil."

And if came to pass that each of the Birdmen went forth to his bird and was amazed at what was contained thereon.

But at the hour of pressing, each of the winged monsters draweth the breath of life and thundereth forth in power and majesty; save one which goeth not.

Thus he stayeth home and writeth the necessary forms.

But all else goeth to the proper place to fly away and he of the Tower sendeth them off.

And all flyeth off save one who prangeth for lack of afterburner.

"Woe betide him who prangeth," sayeth the words of the prophet, "for he curseth himself and his children and his children's children."

And the Birdmen went on their journey and come to the land of the people of the North, and all was not serene.

And he who is known as "MOTEL" talketh to all of Alpha and Golph and diverse other knowledge.

But the others ignore him, thinking he speaketh of the balloon barrage and chuckleth to themselves.

And it came to pass that the Thuds were clobbered beyond the heap as was the custom in those days.

But all was serene with our Birdmen.

And everyone sayeth, "Thou has a MIG on thy tail!"

And each of the Birdmen goeth this way and that way to see whereof he speaketh and each is lost unto the other.

Some goeth in small circles, some proceedeth in large, and all are very wroth, for there were in that place the minions of Ho, and the valley was dark with their jury.

And lo, there cometh those that were known as SAMs, and the firmament containeth their passage.

For all about was the mark of their coming and yet even the mark of their going.

And many were the pillars of fire that speaketh of the end of their journey.

For such was the jury the Birdmen knoweth not fear for the "85", and there were many; nor for the "57", and there were more; nor even yet for the "37", and of these there were more.

And there was in that place much pulling and pushing, for the Birdmen careth neither for the negative nor for the positive but putteth upon their craft such "G" as might be wrought, and so they did.

And one sayeth, "Where art thou, BEAR 2?"

And the other answereth, "Home, for my cockpit hath smoke."

And yet another talketh of homings.

And "MOTEL" sayeth, "Whence be ye? For'tis time the 66's (for as such they were known in those days) be gathered together and shepherded to the waters."

But the others heareth him not, of heedeth him not, for each thinketh only of getting the hell out of that place.

And they goeth home by diverse routes, each roosting in his own good time.

And again they gathereth unto the Holy of Holies where Leader telleth them of the bad show.

And giveth them hell in general.

So be it.

By Captain Joe Matthews

THE BLOODY GREAT KIDNEY WIPER

The Duchess she was dressing, dressing for the ball
When out the window she did spy him, pissing on the wall
(CHORUS)

With his bloody great kidney wiper, balls the size of these
And a yard and a half of foreskin hanging down between his knees
Oh hanging down---Oh hanging down---
With a yard and a half of foreskin hanging down between his knees.

She wrote to him a letter and in it she did say
“I’d rather be fucked by you than by my husband any day”
(CHORUS)

So he mounted on his charger and through the streets did ride
With his balls slung o’re his shoulder and his cock lashed to his side
(CHORUS)

He rode into the courtyard, he rode into the hall
“My God”, cried the butler, “He’s come to fuck us all”.
(CHORUS)

He fucked the cook in the kitchen, he fucked the maid in the hall
But when he fucked the butler it was the dirtiest fuck of all
(CHORUS)

Then he mounted on his charger and rode into the street
With little drops of semen going pitty-pat by his feet.
(CHORUS)

When the bloody great wiper died they say he went to hell
There he fucked the Devil and I know he fucked him well..
(CHORUS)

BLUE FOUR (by Dick Jonas)

There's a fireball down there on the hillside
And I think maybe we've lost a friend
But we'll keep on flyin, and we'll keep on dyin
For duty and honor never end,

There's an upended glass on the table
Down in front of a lone empty chair
Yesterday we were with him, today God be with him
Where ever he is in your care.

They were four when they took off this mornin'
Their duty was there in the sky
Only three ships returnin', Blue Four ain't returnin'
To Blue Four hold your glasses high

It was dawn when he took off this morning
And his duty was there in the sky
Now his Oscar One's burnin'
And he won't be returnin'
To a dead Raven hold your glasses high

There's a fireball down there on the hillside
And I think maybe we've lost a friend
But we'll keep on flyin, and we'll keep on dyin
For duty and honor never end.

DASHING THROUGH THE SKY (Tune: Jingle Bells)

Dashing through the sky,
In a Foxtrot one-oh-five,
Through the flak we fly,
Trying to stay alive.
The SAMs destroy our calm,
The Migs come up to play,
What fun is it to strafe and bomb
The D.R.V. today?

CHORUS:
CBU's, Mark 82's, 750's too,
Daddy Vulcan strikes again,
Our Christmas gift to you.

Heads up Ho Chi Minh,
The Fives are on their way.
Your luck it has give in,
There's going to be hell to pay.
Today it is our turn,
To make you gawk and stare.
What fun it is to watch things burn
And blow up everywhere!!!

DEAR MOM 1 (Your son is dead)

Dear Mom your son is dead, he won't be coming home
He put his O-1 down south of Highway 4 today
He made a rocket pass, but then he busted his ass
And now he won't be home 'cause he's on the PDJ

Dear Mom your son is dead, he won't be coming home
We found the wreckage of his Oscar Ace today
He tried to mark the spot, to clear the fighters hot
But then the "zepe" came up and it blew his shit away

Dear Mom your son is dead, but he'll be coming home
We pulled his body from the twisted wreck today
He's only body frags, wrapped in a plastic bag,
He's coming COD, Uncle Sam won't pay his way

Dear Mom your son's alive and he'll be coming home
He finished up his tour with ease
He flew a desk and chair, he never took to the air
But still he's coming home wearing 16 DFC's

He flew a large grey desk, arranged his files with care
No doubt he kept his office spotless and quite clean
The Plaine des Jarres is small, He's seen the map on the wall
He flew his combat tour in the officer's latrine

DEAR MOM 2 (02 Covey Version)

Dear Mom your son is dead
He bought the farm today
He put his 02 in on 96 highway
He made a rocket pass
And then he busted his ass

MMM MMM MMM

He flew across the fence
To see what he could see
There it was as big as it could be
A truck was stalled on the road
With a full heavy load

MMM MMM MMM

He got right on the horn
And gave old George a call
Said, send me some air, man, I've got a truck that's stalled
And George he said, all right
I'll send you litter flight

For I am the power

Then the flight arrived
Gunfighters, two by two
Low on fuel, their tanker overdue
They asked the FAC to mark
Where the truck was parked

MMM MMM MMM

The covey rolled in with
His smoke to mark
Exactly where that truck was parked
The rest is still in doubt
For he never pulled out

MMM MMM MMM

Dear Mom your son is dead
He bought the farm today
He put his 02 in on 96 Highway
He made a rocket pass
And then he busted his ass

Him Him Fuck Him

How did he go? Straight in!
What was he doing? 192!

DON'T SEND ME TO HANOI (Winchester Cathedral)

Don't send me to Hanoi
Don't put my name down
The shooting is bad there
Don't send me downtown

The bridges at Bac Giang
More milling around
Another brown anchor
I think I'll leave town

Don't send me to Yen Bai
I don't like that flak
It takes too much damn gas
To bring my ass back

Don't send me to Dong Hoi
I don't want to get none
Those buf support missions
They make my ass numb

Just send me on milk runs
Where there are no big guns
I just want to fly where
I'm easy on my bear

THE DOUMER BRIDGE BLUES

They got a little place just south of the Ridge
Name of the place is the Doumer Bridge
You take the Migs---I'll take the flak
Come on, I'm gonna show you where it's at.

Struggled out of bed at half past three
Flight Surgeon said, "You look bad to me!"
Walked on down, down to the line. Crew chief said, "Baby, you're
lookin' fine". Come on, I'll show you where it's at.

Struggled up the ladder and strapped in tight
Crew chief said, "Hope to see you tonight."
Had some second thoughts about the mission ahead
Thinking 'bout my baby waiting back in bed.

Shoved up the throttle, I was ready to go
Prayin' for some weather--hurricane or snow
Movin' down the runway in my heavy machine
Lookin' for the anchor tanker known as Green.

Found the anchor tanker and took on gas
No more easy counters like Mu Ghia Pass
Hyperventilating as we crossed the Red
Wishing all the more that I was back in bed.

The weather broke out with thirty miles to go
Hit the afterburner--I was going to slow
Guns started shooting and the SAMs came up
Beginning to wonder about my Six Alpha luck.

Saw the bridge ahead and rolled in fast
This fighter jock's career is all down in the past
Joined his drinking buddies in the Hall of Fame
Never will the fighter jocks forget his name.

They got a little place just south of the Ridge
Name of the place is the Doumer Bridge
You take the Migs--I'll take the flak
Come on, I'm gonna show you where it's at
Come on, I'm gonna show you where it's at.

This song was written in October 1967 by Captain Robert Middleton. Bob flew an entire tour of 100 NVN missions while TDY from Japan. The Doumer was first hit on 11 August 1967.

DRAFT DODGER RAG

Well I'm just a typical American boy, from a typical American town,
I believe in God and Senator Dodd and keepin' old Castro down
But when it came my time to serve, I knew better red than dead
So when I got down to my local draft board, buddy this is what
I said

CHORUS

Well Sarge I'm only eighteen, got a ruptured spleen, and I always
carry a purse
I got eyes like a bat, my feet are flat, and my asthma's gettin'
worse
Consider my career, my sweetheart dear, my poor old invalid aunt
Besides I ain't no fool I'm a going to school, and I'm working
in a defense plant

I got a wracked up back and a dislocated disk, I'm allergic to
flowers and bugs
And when a bomb shell hits I get epileptic fits, I'm addicted to
a thousand drugs
I got the weakness woes, I can't touch my toes, I can hardly
reach my knees
And if the enemy ever gets close to me I'll prob'ly start to
sneeze

CHORUS

Now I hate Chou Enlai and I hope he dies, but I think you've
gotta see
If someone's gotta go over there that someone sure ain't me
So I wish you well Sarge, give 'em hell and kill me a thousand
or so
And if you ever find a war without blood and gore, well I'll be the
first to go.

CHORUS

CHORUS (double time)

THE FAC WHO NEVER RETURNED (Tune: Man Who Never Returned)

Let me tell you the story of a brave young pilot
Who served in old Viet Nam
He was the man most hated by the Victor Charlies
Though he carried not a single bomb
Well this handsome Captain reported to the Major
A forward air controller was he
They gave him an O-1 and sent him into battle
To see what he could see.
So he climbed into his Cessna and headed into battle
With his rockets tucked snug beneath his wing
When a cry came up from the ground commander
"Charlie's got us in his ring."

CHORUS:

Well did he ever return, no he never returned
And his fate is still unlearned
He may lie forever neath that Viet Nam jungle
He's the FAC who never returned.

Oh the ceiling was low and the rain was falling
His Bird Dog was pitching all about
But he said to that soldier, no sweat brother
TAC air will get you out.
Soon the fighters arrived, they were F-100's
They called down to our FAC
He told them it was rough but to follow his directions
And this one they could hack.
Now Charlie didn't like the sight of that bird dog
And the bullets began to fly
He said if that airman brings in those fighters
Then he is going to die.

CHORUS

Oh the leader rolled in and he asked for his target
The FAC told him where to aim his guns
Well our daring pilots really smoked those Charlies
'Till they were on the run.
Yes the battle got hot and it was too much for Charlie
The soldiers began to shout
God bless you fighters for saving our asses
And driving those VC out.
Well no one noticed that crippled Cessna
As he made his final bow
For one of those bullets had found its target
And Charlie had kept his vow.

CHORUS

FIGHTER PILOTS

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh the place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states
They are off on foreign shores, making mothers out of whores
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states.

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
They are all across the bay, getting shot at every day
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan.

Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray
Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray
They are all in USO's wearing ribbons, fancy clothes
Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray.

Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
The automatic pilot's on, reading novels in the john
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce.

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
His gyros are uncaged, and his women overaged
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare.

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing
The place is full of brass, sitting round on their fat ass
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing.

Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice
It'll wreck your reputation, but increase the population
Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice.

FIVE FOOT NINE

(Tune: Five Foot Two)

Five foot nine, he's divine, changes water into wine
Has anybody seen my Lord
He's the boss, he's real cool, walks across your swimming pool
Has anybody seen my Lord.

CHORUS:

Now if you run into a screamin' Jew, carrying a cross
Up a hill, voice so shrill, he's still screamin' I'm the boss

He's so fine, kinda hairy, his old lady was the Virgin Mary
Has anybody seen my Lord
Feeds a crowd from a loaf of bread, he can come back from the dead
Has anybody seen my Lord

CHORUS

He knows Peter, he knows Paul,
His name's written on the shithouse wall
Has anybody seen my Lord
Virgin Mary, she's the most, she goes down for the Holy Ghost
Has anybody seen my Lord.

CHORUS

He's real cool, he's real great, he can transubstantiate,
Has anybody seen my Lord
Twelve Apostles, that's a lot, Christianity is shit hot
Has anybody seen my Lord, he's kinda groovy
Has anybody seen my Lord.

FIVE FOOT TWO

Five foot two, eyes of black
But God how they can put up flak
Has anybody seen my Chute?

Chained to the gun, so they can't run
But oh how they can hose my Hun
Has anybody seen my Chute?

Oh how we blasted off, feelin' mean, loaded for bear
Just one pass, then haul ass, please don't send me back up there

Thirty-seven, twenty-three, great big bullets goin' by me
Has anybody seen my Chute?

Now if you go up there, better prepare for walkin' back home
It's quite far to the bar, when you're down up by Tchepone

But I'll fly far, and I'll fly near, just as long as I don't hear
Beeper, beeper, come up vioce, you motherfuckers
Beeper, beeper, come up vioce.

FUCK YOU, JANE FONDA

For years and years and years 'round the country,
Everybody thought that girl was swell,
After saying what she said, we wish that she were dead,
Jane Fonda, you should go straight to hell.

CHORUS:

Fuck you, Jane Fonda, and Tom Hayden, too,
Fuck you, Jane Fonda, you're screwed up through and through,
Fuck you, Jane Fonda, you really have been had,
Fuck you, Jane Fonda, you're the shame of your poor dad.

Not long ago Jane went to see the commies,
Like Joan Baez and Ramsey Clark had done,
As they'd done in the past, they blew smoke right up her ass,
The Yankee Air Pirates are the guilty ones.

Jane said the POWs were liars,
Not only that they're hyperites and pawns
"I know that those are lies, for I've seen with my own eyes.
They had good chow, they were not treated wrong."

Jane went up north to make a movie,
To demonstrate their peaceful, earnest pleas,
Although it isn't war, they're sending thousands more,
To help save Vietnam from the Vietnamese,

Sister Jane met Uncle Ho at Christmas,
To show us how the VC never sin,
She said her prayers that night, for a 0-9 mercy flight,
But Ho arrived instead, and slipped it in.

Jane Fonda, you're a bitch who's quite unique,
You've seen things that no other girl has seen,
Yea, they showed you on the dike how it had been ruined by 20 mike-mike,
An asshole, you believed the rod machine,

Back in the states, our commie cunt vocal,
Describing all the horrors of the war,
But what she did not say, was exactly where she lay,
On top or underneath Ho, yelling "More!"

In keeping with the spirit of rebellion,
You helped the Indians at Wounded Knee,
But what a boring place, No CBU-just Mace,
Just not enough to keep you in the spree.

GAME WAS PLAYED ON SUNDAY

The game was played on Sunday in Heaven's own back yard
With Jesus playing halfback and Moses playing guard
The Angles in the grandstand, my God how they did yell
When Jesus scored a touchdown to beat those boys from Hell
Stay with Christ, stay with Christ
Moses in the line Jesus looking mighty fine
Stay with Christ, stay with Christ
Rock'em, sock'em, Jesus knock'em
Stay with Christ
Jesus Christ we need a touchdown
Jesus Christ we need a touchdown
Jesus Christ we need a touchdown
To beat those boys from Hell

GIVE MY REGARDS TO KAMPOT-written in Cambodia, 1975 (Tune: Give My Regards to Brodway)

When we drive down Neuf Tola
The people love to laugh and shout
"There go the boys of MED-T-C
With their asses hanging out."

Even the girls at the monorom
Benefit from CB-MAP
Just like the one we met last night
Who gave us all a dose of clap

Air dropped at Kompong Selia
Dropped again at Das Kanchor
And though we dropped a thousand tons
They want a thousand more

Message came from Seila
Saying "Many thanks to thee"
Then I looked down and saw twas signed
By Kenneth Rouge and Company

Give my regards to Kampot
Remember me to Kompong Speu
Tell all the gang at Battambang
That my tour is through

Please tell the cinc I'm leaving
The last twelve months have been a blast
Give my regards to old Lon Nol
And tell him he can kiss my ass.

GIVE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38, the props they counter-rotate
They've scattered and amitten from Burma to Britain
Don't give me a P-38.

CHORUS:

Just give me operations
Way out on some lonley atoll
For I am too young to die
I just want to grow old.

Don't give me a P-39
The engine is mounted behind
They'll tumble and spin and auger you in
Don't give me a P-39.

Don't give me a peter four oh, a hell of an airplane I know
A ground loopin bastard, you're sure to get plastered
Don't give me a peter four oh.

Don't give me a P-51, it was alright for fighting the Hun
But with coolank tank dry, you'll run out of sky
Don't give me a P-51.

Don't give me a P-61, for night flying is no fun
They say it's a lark, but I'm scared of the dark
Don't give me a P-61.

Don't give me an F-84, she's just a ground loving whore
She'll whine moan and wheeze and she'll clobber the trees
Don't give me an F-84.

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt, it gave many a pilot a jolt
It looks like a jug and it flies like a tug
Don't give me an old Thunderbolt.

Don't give me a jet shooting star, it'll go, but not very far
It'll rumble and spout, but soon will flame out
Don't give me a jet shooting star.

Don't give me an F-86, with wings like broken match sticks
They'll zoom and they'll hover, but as for top cover
Don't give me an F-86.

Don't give me an F-89, The TIME says they'll really climb
They're all in the states, all boxed up in crates
Don't give me an F-89.

Don't give me an F-94, it's never established a score
It may fly in weather, but won't hold together
Don't give me an F-94.

Don't give me an 86-D, with rockets, radar and A/B
She's fast I don't care, she blows up in mid-air
Don't give me an 86-D.

Don't give me a C-45, so slow it stalls out in a dive
A gound loop built in it, and bird colonels in it
Don't give me a C-45.

Don't give me a C-54, six inches of rugs on the floor
And we'll go fat-cat'n, from here to Manhattan
Don't give me a C-54.

Don't give me a B-45, the pilots don't get back alive
The Mig-15's chase'em, they soon will erase'em
Don't give me a B-45.

Don't give me a One-Double-O, the bastard is ready to blow
The A/B is there, but you're saying a prayer
Don't give me a One-Double-O.

Don't give me a F-102, it never goes up when its blue
An all weather coffin, that flames out so often
Don't give me an F-102.

HALLELUJAH

I was cruising at six angels
In my Foxtrot 105
Thinking 'bout the Poo-Ying
Back in the Takhli dive,
When a sudden burst of ack-ack
Was all around the sky.
Mayday Mayday Mayday, Think I'm gonna die.

CHORUS:

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Here's a tanker full of gas
To save a fighter pilot's ass.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Put your gas-hole on the boom
And you'll be saved.

So I squawked my parrot mayday
And called up GCI
Asking for a tanker
To keep me in the sky.
Well, the Airman-third controller
Said, "Please don't go away.
Let me call up Seventh
To see if it's okay."

Then a friendly tanker pilot
Called out, "Fighter jock, no sweat,
I've got half a jug of coffee,
So I'm not bingo yet.
If you get a vector to me
I'll be glad to pass some gas.
Turn your twenty mike-mike off,
And don't shoot up my ass."

It was really getting hairy
As I sped my old Thud south.
I could feel the cotton rising
All inside my mouth.
Then I saw the silver tanker
And gave a happy shout.
Then I saw the drogue behind,
And started punching out.

THE HAMBURG ZOO

Oh we're going to the Hamburg Zoo
To see the elephant and the wild kangaroo
We'll all be together
In fair or stormy weather
We're going to the Hamburg Zoo

The Alligator

Over here, ladies and gentlemen, we have the AL-I-GA-TOR
Each year the female AL-I-GA-TOR swims upstream and lays 1 million eggs.
The male AL-I-GA-TOR follows her upstream and eats 999,999 of those eggs.
Why does he eat all those eggs?
Otherwise, we'd be up to our ass in AL-I-GA-TORS.

The Leopard

Over here we have the LE-O-PARD.
The LE-O-PARD has one spot for every day of the year.
Lift up the LE-O-PARD's tail and show the lady the 24th of November.

The Tight Skinned Owl

Here we have the Tight Skinned Owl
Whose skin is so tight that every time he blinks his eyes, he
Masturbates himself.
Little boys have been known to jack him off by throwing sand in
His eyes.

The Orangatang

The O-RANG-A-TANG whose balls hang so low that everytime he
Swings from tree to tree his balls go O-RANG-O TANG.

The KI KI Bird

Over here ladies and gentlemen, we have the KI KI Bird.
The KI KI bird who flies in ever decreasing circles
Until he flies up his own asshole.
The KI KI bird can be distinguished by his inimitable cry
KI-KI-KI-RIST it's dark in here.

The Lost Tribe of Africa

Here we have the Lost Tribe of Africa
The Lost Tribe of Africa who wandered lost in the jungle for many a year
The Lost Tribes cry could be heard in the jungle
Fuga we fuga we where the fuga we?

The Horny Bird

The female Horny Bird can be distinguished by her cry
Want some, want some, want some
And the male Horny bird by his cry
Here it tis, here it tis, here it tis

HERE'S TO OLD UDORN

Well here's to old Udorn what a hell of a place
The way that it's run is a fucking disgrace
Captains and Majors and Light Colonels too
Thumbs up there assholes with nothing to do

They rant and they rave and they scream and they shout
About lots of things they know nothing about
For all they are worth boys they might as well be
Shoveling shit on the Isle of Capri

When this war is over I'm going back home
Back to my true love and never more roam
To hell with old Udorn and her misery
To hell with old Udorn and all her VD

It's up in the morning and to the latrine
The worst case of clap that I ever have seen
I've got it bad boys, but, I'm telling you
_____ 's been short-timing, he's got it too.

HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE (Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean)

In peace time the regulars are happy
In peace time they're happy to serve
But let them get into a fracas
And they'll call out the God damn reserves!

CHORUS:
Call out, call out
Call out the God damn reserves, reserves!
Call out, call out
Oh, call out the God damn reserves.

Here's to the Regular Air Force
They have such a wonderful plan
They call up the God damn reservist
Whenever the shit hits the fan!

They call up every old pilot
They call up every young man
The reservists they go to Korea
The regulars stay in Japan!

Here's to the Regular Air Force
With medals and badges galore
If it weren't for the God damn reservists
Their ass would be draggin' the floor!

HUMORESQUE

Passengers will please refrain
From flushing toilets while the train
Is standing in the station, I love you
As we go strolling through the park
And goosing shadows in the dark
If Sherman's horse can take it why can't you

You're the guy that did the pushing
Put wet spots on the cushion
Footprints on the dashboard upside down
Ever since you met my daughter
She's had trouble passing water
Wish that you had never come to town

I'm the guy that did the pushing
Put the wet spots on the cushion
Footprints on the dashboard upside down
Since I met your daughter Venus
I've had trouble with my penis
Wish I'd never seen your Goddam town

I FLY THE LINE (Tune: I Walk The Line)

I keep a close watch on these lands of mine
I keep my eyes wide open all the time
Directing air strikes is a specialty of mine
This sector's mine. I fly the line.

Dawn patrol around an KHE is really great
It's those out country missions that I hate
I'll fly and fight anywhere and anytime
Because they're mine. I fly the line.

Small arms and 37 I don't sweat
Fifty cal and ZPU are what I fret
White puffs far away are a good sign
This sector's mine. I fly the line.

Armed with rockets and binoculars I go
Out to see what I can see and hope to know
Where ol Charlie runs and hides and spends his time
This sector's mine. I fly the line.

When I find Charlie on the ground I call for air
Then I roll in to mark when they get there
Hit my smoke and run in on the east-west line
This sector's mine. I fly the line.

I keep a close watch on these lands of mine
I keep my eyes wide open all the time
Directing air strikes is a specialty of mine
This sector's mine. I fly the line.

I'D RATHER LIVE IN ENGLAND

Oh I don't want to join the army, I don't want to go to war
I'd rather sit around Piccadilly Underground
Living off the earnings of a high born lady
I don't want schrapnel up me arsehole
I don't want me bollocks shot away
I'd rather live in England, jolly, jolly England
And fornicate me bloody life away, Gor blimey

I don't want to join the Navy, I don't want to sail the 7 seas
I'd rather fly a jet, fuck a tall brunette
And drink me fill of a good scotch whiskey
I don't want seamen in me quarters, I don't wany me cock to rot away
I'd rather live in England, jolly, jolly England
And fornicate me bloody life away, Gor blimey

I don't want to join the Air Corps,
I don't want to slip the surly bonds
I'd rather sit around in a pub downtown
Drinking ale from a half yard tankard
I don't want ACK-ACK up me tailpipe
I don't want me rudder shot away
I'd rather live in England, jolly, jolly England
And fornicate me bloody life away, Gor blimey

Call out the Army and the Navy, call out the rank and file
Call out the Royal Territorials, they face danger with a smile
Call out the Boys of the Old Brigade that made old England free
You can call out me mother, me sister and me brother
but for God's sake don't call me

Monday I touched her on the ankle
Tuesday I touched her on the knee
On Wednesday afternoon I touched her pantaloons
Thursday I touched her on the thigh, aye, aye, aye
Friday I got me hand upon it
Saturday she gave me balls a tweak
But on Sunday after supper, I ran the old boy up her
And now I'm payin seven pounds six a week, Gor blimey...

I LOVE MY WIFE

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do
I love her truly
I love the hole that she pisses through
I love her ruby red lips, her lily white tits
And the hair around her asshole
I'd eat her shit (Gobble-Gobble-Chomp-Chomp)
With a rusty spoon

ITAZUKIE TOWER (Tune: Wabash Cannon Ball) (With apologies to Oscar Brand)

Itazukie Tower this is Airforce Eight - Oh - One
I'm entering on a downwind my prop it over run
My coolant's over heated the temp reads One - Two - One
You'd better call the crash crew out and bring them on the run.

Airforce Eight - oh - one this is Itazukie Tower
We'd like to call the crash crew but it is their coffee hour
You're not cleared in the pattern now that is plain to see
Take it once around again you're not a VIP.

Itazukie Tower this is Airforce Eight - oh - one
I'm turning onto final I'm running on one lung
I'm going to land this Mustang no matter what you say
I'm going to get my charts spread out before my Judgement Day.

Now listen Airforce Eight - oh - one this is Itazukie Tower
We'd like to let you in right now but it isn't in our power
We'll send a note through channels and wait for their reply
Until we get an answer back just chase around the sky.

I WANT TO PLAY PIANO IN A WHOREHOUSE

Oh I want to play piano in a whorehouse
That is my one desire
Some people may be bankers
Or farmers out in Butte
I just want to play in a house of ill repute

Now you may think this strange, my advocation
But cardinal copulation's here to stay
I don't want fame or riches
I want to play for those old bitches
I want to play piano in a whorehouse

I WANTED WINGS (SEA Version)

I've spent some time alive
Twenty years and four or five,
And I've tried many a pursuit.
I went to pilot school,
Learned the ropes and learned the rules,
And got my wings and my blue suit.

And then I went to get upgraded
And like a fool I made it.
Then they made my number four,
And then they sent me off to war,
Buster.
I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them any more.

The Republic Thunderchief
Is just twenty tons of grief.
The dirty sons-of-bitches
Filled it with three-hundred switches,
Buster.
I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them any more.

To keep my bod' alive
They taught me to survive
At a place nestled in the hills.
They fed my porcupine.
And other goodies fine;
Pemmican to cure all my ills.

And in three weeks I had made it.
They said I'd graduated.
Well, buddy, if that's livin'
I think that I'll just give in,
Buster.
I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them any more.

You can have your he-man training
In the snow, and when it's raining.
I'd rather be a weenie
With my tootie and martini,
Buster.
I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them any more.

I don't want to stay,
But I cannot get away.
In Hanoi they all love a parade.
Each day we take a walk
Through Hanoi Central Park,
Not dressed in too much style,
I'm afraid.

Oh, those little yellow mammas
Dress us all in black pajamas,
Spectators, they just sit there,
Sometimes throw rocks, sometimes
spit there,
Buster.
I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them any more.

You can have your 105.
I'd much rather stay alive.
The lousy afterburner
Gets you north just that much sooner
Buster.
I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them any more.

These lines are in jest;
Thud drivers are the best,
At flyin', fight'n', chasin' women
The goods thay deliver
Are sure to make Ho shiver,
And wish to hell this war was through

And for some it is all over.
They lie beneath the clover,
For they did go down in flames,
But we'll not forget their names,
Buster.
They wanted wings
And they've truly got their wings,
And they will wear them evermore.

For there are no regulations
For those heaven-bound formations,
If they don't like it, well,
They can split-S down to hell,
Buster.
They wanted wings
And they've truly got their wings,
And they will wear them evermore.

KHARTOUM

We're leaving Khartoum, by the light of the moon
We're sailing by night and by day
We pass Kasapries, we got fuck all to eat
We've thrown all our rations away

Shire, shire, somersetshire
The Skipper looks on her with pride
But he'd have a blue fit if he saw all the shit
That we left on the somersetshire.

This is my story, this is my song.
I've been in the Air Force, too fucking long
So bring on the Rodney, the Nelson, Renown
They can't bring the hood 'cause the bastard's gone down.
Sail away, sail away
And we'll fuck all the SP's that come out our way

Now fightin and fuckin are my one delight
I once fucked a maiden twelve times in a night
And each time I fucked her I come near a quart
If you don't call that fuckin you fuckin well ort.
Sail away, sail away
And we'll fuck all the SP's that come out our way.

KOREA

(Tune: I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover)

I'm looking over a well fought over
Korea that I abhor
One for the money
And two for the show
Ridgeway said stay
But we want to go.
There's no use explaining
Why we're remaining
We've got what we're fighting for
Korea, Korea--and diarrhea
To make the rice grow some more.

KOTEX SONG

(Tune: Caissons Go Rolling)

You can tell by the smell that she isn't feeling well
When the end of the month rolls around
How she turns, how she squirms, how she gets a case of worms
When the end of the month rolls around

For it's HI, HI, HEE, in the Kotex industry
Call out your sizes loud and strong
Super-Junior-Bandaid
For where ere you go, the blood will always flow
When the end of the month rolls around

LET ME FLY MY WARTHOG

CHORUS:

Let me fly my warthog
On a two hundred foot strafing run
Down in the grass, I'll kick Ivan's ass
With my thirty Mike Mike Gatling gun

Don't give me a T-38
The airframe is way out of date
You plug in the burner to turn a square corner
And pull a big 7.8

Don't give me a Phantom 4 II
It's Tac's two seat B-52
Drop Bombs and come round
Hope that they hit the ground
Don't give me a Phantom 4 II

Don't give me an Aardvark to fly
It's guaranteed sure way to die
Fly hands off on the deck and you'll break your damn neck
Don't give me an Aardvark to fly

Don't make me a 38 FAIP
It's Tac's legal version of rape
With some high level backing
We'd be ground attacking
Don't make me a 38 FAIP

Don't make me an F-15 Jock
Those assholes sure know how to talk
They brag and they prattle
But they've never seen battle
Don't make me an F-15 Jock

Don't make me an Ego-Jet Puke
And hide from the Migs out at Luke
You can't press the attack
When an engine rolls back
Don't make me an Ego-Jet Puke

Don't give me a Foxtrot 5 E
An aggressor I don't want to be
You won't even get laid
When you're a training aid
Don't give me a Foxtrot 5 E.

Don't make me go fly F-4 E's
With two seats where one oughta be
They'll send you to Luke
Then they'll give you a Nuke
Don't make me go fly F-4 E's

Don't make me an RF-4 Puke
With a Nikon instead of a Nuke
On the very first pass
They will shoot off your ass
Don't make me an RF-4 Puke

Don't give me an A-7D
My computer's my manhood for me
Without my black box
I'm not much of a jock
Don't give me an A-7D

ALTERNATE CHORUS:
Let me fly my Warthog
On a twenty five foot strafing run
Down in the weeds, we'll make Ivan bleed
With our thirty Mike Mike Gatling gun
Or
Down in the dirt, we'll make Ivan hurt
With our thirty Mike Mike Gatling gun

LITTER MISSION (Tune: Fulsom Prison)

I see that tanker looming out in front of me
I guess the first time's gotta count or else the beer's on me
I'm on a litter mission, and I'm too young to die
But the weenies up at wing say, boy you get out there and fly.

Misty briefed the target, he told it short and sweet
Better keep it movin' boys, or you'll end up mince meat
Well I'm on a litter mision, and it ain't no joy
When you're out huntin' guns, up at Ban La Boi

Misty marked the target, we all rolled in to strike
The flak was thick around us but that 24's got the bike
Well, I'm on a litter mission, a day of dread for me
When I hear 'em call initial, with a flight of three.
When I hear 'em call initial, with a flight of three.

LITTER SONG

I used to live a life, a fighter pilot's dream
Flying down south, that's all I'd ever seen
Napalm and High Drags, that's all I'd ever dropped
Then one day the frag changed, my bubble popped

Litter mission, man that's not for me
I don't want to go up there with Zepe and 23
I don't no road cuts, I don't want no guns
I just want to fly down south, bombing and having fun

In-flight refueling, that's too far to go
I've got a rendezvous with a gunner I know
Slick 750's, that's my callin' card
And when I hit 'em, I hit 'em hard

Cause nobody hears you when you start to cry
Oh my hangover, I'm DNIF
That's too bad boy, get out there and fly

But if I ever fly down south again
Everybody in seventh will be my friend
I don't like those guns they've got so many of
The hell with war, let's make love.

THE LITTLE BROWN MOUSE

The pale moon shown on the bar room floor
And the bar was closed for the night
When out of his hole crept a little brown mouse
And sat in the pale moonlight
He lapped up the liquor on the bar room floor
And back on his haunches he sat
And all through the night you could here him roar--
Bring on your God Damned CAT!

Oh, a big black cat jumped across the bar
And he gobbled up the little brown mouse
So the moral of this story it is sad to say
Is never take a drink on the house

LUPE

It was down in Cunt Valley where Blood River flows
Where Whoremongers flourish and Cocksuckers grow
Twas there I met Lupe, the girl I adore
She's my hot fuckin, cock suckin, Mexican whore

She had her first piece at the young age of eight
While swinging out back on the old garden gate
The cross member broke and the upright went in
And ever since then she's been living in sin

She'll fuck you she'll suck you, she'll gnaw on your nuts
She'll wrap her legs round you and suck out your guts
She'll wrap her legs round you til you think you'll die
But I'd rather eat Lupe then Blueberry pie

Now Lupe, poor Lupe, lies dead in her tomb
With worms crawling out of her decomposed womb
But the look on her face is a mute cry for more
She's my hot fuckin cock suckin Mexican whore

THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK

(Tune: Strip Polka)

Early in the morning when the engines start to roar
You can see the old goat standing, beside his office door
He'll be sweating out the take-off, as he's often done before
The man behind the armor plated door.

Four times he's led us up there, and he always led us back
For he circled o'er the I.P., as we went in to attack
He said, "I'm hard yet fair boys, but allergic to ack ack"
The man behind the armor plated desk.

And when the target's sighted, who inspires the attack
Who says hundreds may go in lads, but a few aren't coming back
Who says we'll disregard the minimum, when you suppress the flak
The man behind the armor plated desk.

And when the missions over, and briefing they should be
You can search the whole field over, but not a pilot will you see
For they'll all be at the O Club, with a mixed drink in their hand
Singing The Man Behind the Armor Plated Desk.

THE MAN WITH NO BALLS AT ALL

Gather you rounders and listen to me,
I'll tell you a story that'll fill you with glee.
It's about a fair maiden so fair and so tall
Who married a man who had no balls at all.

CHORUS:
No balls at all, no balls at all
She married a man who had no balls at all.

On their wedding night when she jumped into bed
Her cheeks they were rosy, her lips, they were red.
She reached for his penis, his penis was small
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all.

CHORUS

"Mother, dear mother, I wished I were dead
I'll go to my grave with my own maiden head.
My future is slender my hopes they are small
For I've married a man who has no balls at all.

CHORUS

"Daughter, dear daughter, now don't you be sad.
I had the same trouble when I married your dad.
But many's the flyer who'll answer the call
Of the wife of the man who has no balls at all.

CHORUS

Now this young maid took her mother's advise
And found the proceedings exceedingly nice.
But a bouncing young baby was born in the fall
To the wife of the man who has no balls at all.

CHORUS

Now this babe was examined that very night
By a doctor who swore he examined it right
But the thing that was found most peculiar of all
Was the babe had a penis but no balls at all.

CHORUS

MARY ANN BURNS

Mary Ann Burns is the queen of all the acrobats
She can do tricks that'll give a guy the shits
She can shoot green peas from her fundamental orifice
Do a double back flip and catch 'em on her tits
She's a great big son of a bitch, twice as big as me
Got hair on her ass like the branches on a tree
She can ride, rope, fart, fuck, shoot the shit, drive a truck
She's the kind of girl who's gonna marry... Him, him, fuck him.

MASTURBATION (Tune: Fu Ni Kuli)

Last night I stayed up late a-masturbating
It felt so good, I knew it would
Last night I stayed up late a-masturbating
It felt so nice, I did it twice

Oh you should see me pull it on the long strokes
It felt so neat, I used my feet
Oh you should see me pull it on the short strokes
It felt so grand, I used my hand

Beat it, smash it, throw it on the floor
Wrap it around the bed post, slam it in the door
Some ordinary people that I know would rather fornicate
I would rather stay awake at night and masturbate

MILLIE DARLING

Oh your ass is like a stove pipe Millie darling
And the pimples on your tits are turning green
There's a million crabs abounding on your pussy
You're the ugliest fucking bitch I've ever seen

There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel
And when you piss a stream, it's green as grass
There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle
So kindly make one dear, and shove it up your ass.

Won't you take in your hand Mrs. Murphy
For it only weighs a quarter of a pound
It has hair on its back like a turkey
And it spits when you rub it up and down

MY FATHER IS A FIREMAN

My father is a fireman
He puts out fires
My brother is a fireman
He puts out fires
My sister Sal is a fireman's gal
She puts out too

MY HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN (Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

My father makes rum in the bathtub
My mother makes two kinds of gin
My sister makes love for a living
My God how the money rolls in

CHORUS:

Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in, rolls in
Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in

My brother's a poor missionary
He saves little girlies from sin
He'll save you a blonde for five dollars
My God how the money rolls in

My uncle paints real frenchy postcards
My auntie she poses for him
Her costume costs nary a penny
My God how the money rolls in

I tried making all kinds of whiskey
I tried making all kinds of gin
I tried making love for a living
My God the condition I'm in

CHORUS:

Sin, sin, sin, sin, My God the condition I'm in, I'm in
Sin, sin, sin, sin, My God how the money rolls in

My father he died in the bathtub
My mother she died in the gin
My sister she married my brother
My God what a mess I am in

NAPE IS GREAT (Tune: Tea For Two)

Nape is great, so hit my grids
It burns, it bakes, it sticks to kids
Nape is great, so drop it on their heads
(Watch 'em burn and see their guts pop out!)

When you drop a can or two
It hits their bods and sticks like glue
Nape is great, it cures their acne too

OLD GRAY BUSTLE (Tune: Old Gray Bonnet)

Put on your old gray bustle and get out and hustle
For tomorrow the rent's coming due
Put your ass in clover, let the boys look it over
If you can't get five take two

Put on those old pink panties that used to be your aunties
And we'll go for a tussel in the hay
Now there's no use duckin cause you're gonna get a fuckin
In the good old fashioned way.

Put on your old gray corset if it won't fit force it
For the fleet is coming in today
As the bees make honey let your ass make money
In the good old fashioned way

Put on that old blue ointment, the crabs disappointment
And we'll kill those bastards where they lay
Though it scratches and itches, it will kill those sons-of-bitches
In the good old fashioned way.

THE OLD PACIFIC SEA

I was down by Manly Pier
Drinking tubs of ice cold beer
With a bucket full of prawns above me knee
Well I swallowed the last prawn
Had a technicolor yawn
And I chundered in the old Pacific Sea

CHORUS:

Drink it up chug-a-lug chug-a-lug
Drink it up chug-a-lug chug-a-lug
Have another dozen tubes and prawns with me
If you want to throw your voice
Then you don't have any choice
But to chunder in the old Pacific Sea

I was standing in the surf
When a mate of mine called Murph
Asked if he could have a drink or two with me
Well he'd only swallowed it
When he went for the big spit
And he chundered in the old Pacific Sea

CHORUS

Well I've chugged in public bars
And I've hurled from moving cars
And I've chundered when and where it suited me
But if I could pick the spot
To regurgitate the lot
Then I'd chunder in the old Pacific Sea.

CHORUS

O'LEARY'S BAR

Twas a cold winter's evening, the guests were all leaving
O'Leary was closing the bar
When he turned and he said to the lady in red
Get out! You can't stay where you are

She wept a sad tear in her bucket of beer
As she thought of the cold night ahead
When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the crapper
And these are the words that he said:

Her mother never told her, the things a young girl should know
About the ways of Raven FACS, and how they come and go
Age has taken her beauty and sin has left it's sad scar
So remember your mothers and fuck all the others
And let her sleep under the bar.

O'LEARY'S BALLS (Tune: Bells of St.Mary's)

The balls of O'Leary, are wrinkled and hairy
They're shapely and stately
Like the dome of St. Paul's
The women all muster, to see that great cluster
They stand and they stare at the bloody great pair
Of O'Leary's balls.

O LITTLE TOWN OF HO CHI MINH (Tune: O Little Town of Bethlehem)

O little town of Ho Chi Minh
How safe you think you lie
Beneath your ring of SA-2's
You think the "Fives" won't fly
Yet through the cloud deck raineth
A deadly trail of bombs
Too late for fear, the end is here
How 'bout that TBC???

160 VC IN THE OPEN

I got 160 VC in the open, 10 or 20 North Vietnamese
I got to get some air, put a strike down there
Before they can make it to the trees.

I got 160 VC in the open,
It's a target that you don't find every day,
So I called the DASC and I quickly asked,
Please get some fighters on their way.

Number one should have a gun, and a load of what we call incindigel.
Send number two with CBU. When they get here we can really give 'em hell.

I got 160 VC in the open.
I got a set of F-100's up above
I got my willie pete smokin' at their feet
It's the kind of situation that I love.
I got my willie pete smokin' at their feet
It's the kind of situation that I love.

I had 160 VC in the open
Now they're mostly dead and blown away
So if you're keepin' score in this whole damn war
Add 150 KBA

I got the BDA all written on the window
And I passed it off to crickt RTB
You gotta work a sar for a silver star
But this one should bag a DFC

ONE HUNDRED MISSIONS (When Johnnie Comes Marching Home)

One hundred missions we have flown, aha, aha.
One hundred missions we have flown, aha, aha.
One hundred missions we have flown,
One hundred bridges we have blown,
But you can't return 'til Lyndon gives the word.

From one to one hundred we did count
But now one-half or more don't count

They said they'd give us combat pay
And then the bastards took it away

We're iron hands from old Takhli
Our hearts beat fast we think we'll pee

The weasels fly around alone
With half a flight they head for home

The force rolls in amidst the flak
One-half or more won't make it back.

Not many will return alive
Who flew the bloody one-oh-five.

ON TOP OF THE POP UP

(Tune: Old Smokey)

On top of the pop up
And flat on my back
I lost my poor wingman
In a big hail of flak

Guard channel was silent
The sites were all dead
Until we rolled in
And looked up ahead

The sky filled with fireballs
The missiles flashed by
Sweet mother of Jesus
We're all going to die

Number two called, I'm hit
I'm going to bust
Not one goddamn elint
A poor jock can trust

So come ye young pilots
And listen to dad
Forget about jinking
And your ass has been had

They'll hit you and burn you
Their flak reaches far
It's a long way to Takhli
And a beer at the bar

OSCAR DEUCE

CHORUS:

The Oscar Deuce, Oscar Deuce
Lord the nuts and bolts, they all come loose
From my little old Oscar Deuce

Flying the Oscar Deuce at Hurlburt was fun
'Cause I didn't have to go up against the guns
In my little old Oscar Deuce

The Oscar Deuce is a mighty mean plane
Making those touch and goes at Plei Djereng
In my little old Oscar Deuce

CHORUS

You make the Oscar Deuce an all weather plane
It eats thunder and lightning, it bathes in the rain
My little old Oscar Deuce

Two Tacans for breakfast, two inverters for lunch
Maintenance feels the awful punch
Of the little old Oscar Deuce

CHORUS

Forty-five hundred foot takeoff roll
Too much weight and not enough coal
That's the little old Oscar Deuce

Seven Willie Petes, two logs and two flares
Those nocturnal trail movers better beware
Of my little old Oscar Deuce

CHORUS

OUR LEADERS

(Tune: Manyanna)

At Phillips Range in Kansas, the jocks all had the knack
But now that we're in combat, we got Colonels on our back
Every time we say "Shit Hot" or whistle in the bar
We have to answer to somebody, looking for a star.

CHORUS:

Our leaders, our leaders, our leaders is what they always say.
But it's bullshit, it's bullshit, it's bullshit they feed us every day.

Today we had a bad one, and the jocks were scared as hell
We ran to meet them with a beer, and tell them they did swell
But Reccee took some BDA and said we missed a hair
Now there'll be all kinds of shit, from the wheels at second air.

CHORUS

They send us out in bunches to bomb a bridge and die
These tactics are for bombers, that our leaders used to fly
The big picture evades us and that is why I guess
We have to leave our thinking to the wheels at JCS

CHORUS

Now the JCS are generals and they're not always right
Sometimes they have to think it over well into the night
And if they have a question or something they can't hack
They have to leave the judgement to that money saving MAC

CHORUS

Now MAC's job is in danger for he's on salary too
To be the final say-so is something he can't do
Before we fly the mission and every thing's O.K.
We have to get permission from, flight leader LBJ.

CHORUS

PLEIKU CITY (Tune: Detroit City)

Home folks think I'm big in Pleiku City
From the letters that I write they think I'm fine
By the day I fight the war, by night I make the whores
If only they could read between the lines

CHORUS:

I love to get laid
I love to get laid
Lord, how I love to get laid

Last night I went to bed in Pleiku City
With a slant-eyed girl that I had never known
Her box was like a bucket, but I just had to fuck it
Now the doctor's callin' on the phone

CHORUS

Today I've got the drips in Pleiku City
And the pain of it is really killin' me
But as long as they got penicillin
I'll just keep in drillin'
So I guess it's very plain to see

CHORUS

POP GOES THE WEASEL

Around and around the Sam sight
The missile chased the weasel
Weasel got pissed, sam got zapped
Pop! Goes the weasel

Lady fingers did their job
Did more than just tease'em
The Russian techs got all pissed off
Pop! Goes the weasel.

Willie Peter showed us where
To roll in to displease 'em
One more pass with hei
Pop! Goes the weasel.

We look around for Sam sight
We grab their balls and squeeze 'em
They show their ass, we shoot it off
Pop! Goes the weasel.

PULL THE PIPE FROM THE GAS HOLE

By: Dick Jonas

We rolled in on a bridge up north just about daylight
And the gunners on the ground were looking for a fight
Pulling off we got hosed pretty good by a ZPU
And they shot off the starboard wing of Detroit 2.

Well, Detroit 2 was on the beeper when he hit the ground
I said buddy we'll have you out before the sun goes down
Got a jolly green giant comin in in a little while
So hang loose buddy gonna take you home in style.

Pull that boom from the gas hole tanker let my go
Clear me out to the anchor track before the sun sets low
Got a buddy on the ground up north in route pack four
Pull the pipe from the gas hole boomer let me roar.

Now Sandy rolled in with Nape and fifty cal
And that super jolly green looked good as a big eyed gal
Ol' Detroit 2 spent the night at NKP
With a tall sing-hi and a puying on his knee.

Pull that boom from the gas hole tanker let me go
Clear me out of the anchor track before the sun sets low
Got a buddy on the ground down south at NKP
Pull the pipe from the gas hole boomer let me RTB.

RAVEN FAC BATTLE HYMN

Apologies to Dick Jonas

When those Raven FACs meet again, telling tales remembering when.
Battles fought in the sky, shed our blood, gave our lives
When those Raven FACs meet again.

War is never a beautiful thing, but we fought for the land of the king.
Taking hits by the score, 'til tomorrow nevermore
Shout the Raven battle cry let it ring

Sing the Raven FAC battle hymn, hold your heads high,
Stand tall you are men

Never run from a fight, be prepared day and night
Sing the Raven FAC battle hymn

Look around there's a few empty chairs
Honored comrades should be sitting there
They are dead where they fell, so remember them well
Charge your glass, raise it high drink to them.

I'll tell you a story that'll curl your hair
Tell you the truth 'cause I was there
About what happened in Ho Chi Minh's backyard
Lao and Meo and Roundeye too
Dodging flak and ZPU
And flying and fighting and living a life that's hard
Black smoke, flak smoke, triple a fire
Press your luck right down to the wire
And hope like hell you'll live just another day
But the battle ain't over when you're on the ground
Living in range of mortar round
Lots of chances to get your shit blown away
What's that tell-tale sparkle I see
That's a muzzle flash from a twenty-three
Now lead's off dry and now they're shooting at two.
You roll in with a rocket to mark the spot
Tell two to jink left, clear lead in hot
Now move it around, 'cause the bastard's shootin at you
Yes, we flew the mountains and the valleys too
From Attepoe Town to Dien Bien Phu
And the price was high and measured in rich red blood
When tales are told in the halls of fame
When warriors gather, you'll hear the names
Chopakow, Rassassee, Mustang, Raven, Thud.

RAVEN FAC-ERO

Oh I am a Raven Facero
Flying up to Vientiane in my Aero
I have with me my Bump Bump-A-Dee
And both of my Bump Bump-A-Deros

I met a young Lao seniorita
A beautiful Lao seniorita
She wanted to see my Bump Bump-A-Dee
And both of my Bump Bump-A-Deros

That nasty Lao seniority
Gave me a case of clapita
All over the tip of my Bump Bump-A-Dee
And both of my Bump Bump-A-Deros

So I went to see a medico
An exceedingly fine medico
He cut off the tip of my Bump Bump-A-Dee
And both of my Bump Bump-A-Deros

Now I'm a sad Raven Facero
Flying back to Long Tieng in my Aero
I'm minus the tip of my Bump Bump-A-Dee
And both of my Bump Bump-A-Deros.

RED RIVER VALLEY

To the valley he said he was flying
And he never saw the pay that he earned
Many jocks have flown into the valley
And a number have never returned.

So I listened as he briefed on the mission
Tonight at the bar Teak flight will sing
But we're going to the Red River Valley
And today you are flying on my wing.

Oh the flak is so thick in the Valley
That the Migs and the missiles we don't need
So fly high and down sun in the Valley
And guard well the ass of Teak Lead.

Now if things turn to shit in the Valley
And the briefing that I gave you don't heed
They'll be waiting at the Hanoi Hilton
And it's fish heads and rice for Teak Lead.

We refueled on the way to the Valley
In the states it had always been fun
But with thunder and lightning all around us
'Twas the last aar for Teak One.

Oh he flew through the flak toward the target
With his bombs and his rockets drew a bead
But he never pulled out of the bomb run
'Twas fatal for another Teak Lead.

So come and sit by my side at the briefing
We will sit there and tickle the beads
For we're going to the Red River Valley
And my call sign today is Teak Lead

REPUBLIC'S ULTRA HOG (Wabash Cannonball)

Listen to the jingle, the gruntin' and the wheeze,
As she rolls along the runway, by the Bak-9 and the trees.
Hear the mighty roarin' engine as you leap off in the fog,
You're flying through the jungle in Republic's Ultra Hog.

We came up from old Korat one steamy summer day,
As we pitched up on the target you could hear all the gunners say,
"She's big and fat, and ugly; she's really quite a dog,
She's known around the country as Republic's Ultra Hog."

Here's to MacNamara, his name will always smell.
He'll always be remembered down in Fighter Pilot's Hell.
He frags all the targets and sends us out to die,
He sends us into combat in Republic's 105.

Listen to the jingle, the gruntin', and the wheeze,
As she rolls along the runway by the Bak-9 and the trees.
Hear the mighty roarin' engine as you leap off in the fog,
You're flying through the jungle in Republic's Ultra Hog!!!

THE RIVER RAN RED (Tune: Titanic)

Number one was having fun, number two got quite a few
Three and four got some more so they said
And the river ran red with the blood of the dead
As we came around and tried to get some more

Well the road was full of ruts, and those ruts were full of guts
There was plenty of blood and gore
Little babies sucking tits, had them shot right from their mitts
As we came around and tried to get some more

There were women in the crowd, little children cried out loud
But they all carried guns for uncle Ho
And some turned around when they heard that awful sound
As we came around and tried to get some more

Oh it seemed and awful crime, as we shot them in their prime
But they got number three, don't you see
Yes they shot him down with flak, and they broke his fucking back
As we came around and tried to get some more

Number one was having fun, number two got quite a few
Number four got some more, so he said
But number three is dead, cause they shot him in the head
And he won't come 'round and try to get no more

SALLY IN THE ALLEY

Sally in the alley sifting cinders
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man
Wind from her bloomers broke six windows
Cheeks of her ass went bam bam bam

SAMMY SMALL (1)

Oh, my name is Sammy Small
Fuck 'em all.
Oh, my name is Sammy Small
Fuck 'em all.
Oh, my name is Sammy Small
And I've only got one ball
But it's better than none at all
So fuck 'em all.

Oh, they say I killed a man
Fuck 'em all.
Oh, they say I killed a man
Fuck 'em all.
They say I shot him dead
With a piece of fucking lead
Through his silly fucking head
Well, fuck 'em all.

They say I'm gonna hang
Fuck 'em all.
They say I'm gonna hang
Fuck 'em all.
They say I'm gonna swing
From a piece of fucking string
What a silly fucking thing
So, fuck 'em all.

The parson he will come
Fuck 'em all.
The parson he will come
Fuck 'em all.
The parson he will come
With his tales of kingdom come
He can shove 'em up his bung
So, fuck 'em all.

The hangman wears a mask
Fuck 'em all.
The hangman wears a mask
Fuck 'em all.
The hangman wears a mask
For his silly fucking task
What a silly fucking ass
So, fuck 'em all.

The sheriff will be there too
Fuck 'em all.
The sheriff will be there too
Fuck 'em all.
The sheriff will be there too
With his silly fucking crew
They've got fuck all else to do
So, fuck 'em all.

(softly and with feeling)

I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all
I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all
I saw Molly in the crowd and I felt so
Fucking proud
That I shouted right out loud -- (shout)--
FUCK 'EM ALL!!!

SAMMY SMALL (SEA Version)

O, come round us fighter pilots, Fuck 'em all
O, come round us fighter pilots, Fuck 'em all
O, we fly the goddamn plane
Through the flak and through the rain,
And tomorrow we'll do it again,
So, Fuck 'em all

O, they tell us not to think, Fuck 'em all
O, they tell us not to think, Fuck 'em all
O, they tell us not to think,
Just to dive and just to jink.
LBJ's a goddamn fink,
So, Fuck 'em all.

O, we bombed MuGia Pass, Fuck 'em all
O, we bombed MuGia Pass, Fuck 'em all
O, we bombed MuGia Pass
Though we only made one pass
They really stuck it up our ass
So, Fuck 'em all.

O, we're on a J.C.S., Fuck 'em all
O, we're on a J.C.S., Fuck 'em all
O, they sent the whole damn wing,
Probably half of us will sing,
What a silly fucking thing,
So, Fuck 'em all.

O, we lost our fucking way, Fuck 'em all
O, we lost our fucking way, Fuck 'em all
O, we strafed goddamn Hanoi,
Killed every fucking girl and boy.
What a goddamn fucking joy!
So, Fuck 'em all.

O, my bird got all shot up, Fuck 'em all
O, my bird got all shot up, Fuck 'em all
O, my bird it did get shot
And I'll probably cry a lot,
But I think that it's Shit Hot!
So, Fuck 'em all.

While I'm swinging in my chute, Fuck 'em all
While I'm hanging in my chute, Fuck 'em all
While I'm tangled in my chute
Comes this silly fucking toot
Hangs a medal on my root
So.... FUCK 'EM ALL!!!

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS

(Tune: Throw a Nickel on the Drun)

Oh, I lined up with the runway and headed for the ditch
I looked down at my prop, my God, it's in high pitch
I pulled back on the stick and rose into the air
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, how did I get there?

CHORUS:

Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
Save a fighter pilot's ass
Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll be saved!

I started in to buzz, I thought that I was clear
And when I clipped the flagpole, I knew the end was near
I met the flying board, and they gave me the works
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, what a bunch of jerks!

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing touched the ground
Got a call from Mobile, "Pull up and go around!"
I racked that one eleven in the air a dozen feet or more
The bastard snapped, I'm on my back, oh save me Colonel Penn!

Oh, I flew the traffic pattern, to me it looked alright
And when I made my final turn, my God, I racked it tight
The engine coughed and belched, the ship began to weave
Mayday, Mayday, General Moore, Spin instructions please!

Strafin' on the panel, I made my pass too low
Came a call from tower, "One more and home you go!"
I pulled that one eleven in the blue, she hit a high-speed stall
Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done this fall!

SHIT HOT FROM KORAT

(Tune: Sweet Betsy)

When this base opened and all things were new
The jocks had a need for somebody to screw
When up jumped this girl and said, "For five baht
I'm Chum Chim the Whore and shit hot from Korat."

CHORUS:

It was Chum Chim the Whore from Korat
Chum Chim the jocks screwed a lot
It was Chum Chim the Whore from Korat
Chum Chim the Whore from Korat that's shit hot.

Standing or sitting she's good anyway
That's what the jocks of Korat always say.
They can't understand why her crotch dosen't rot
Chum Chim the Whore and shit hot from Korat.

A very young jock that first opened her box
Became her pimp and later got shot
But still couldn't tie the marital knot
To Chum Chim the Whore and shit hot from Korat.

She's good in a hammock but better in bed
That's what the jocks from Kadena have said
Some left their wives, believe it or not
For Chum Chim the Whore and shit hot from Korat

She was a jewel to the pilots from TAC
When they had the honor to lay in her rack
They never forgot that dirty old twat
Chum Chim the Whore and shit hot from Korat

With F-4C crews she never had trouble
Once she learned how to take then on double
Though it was daylight, it bothered her not
Chum Chim the Whore and shit hot from Korat

When she met the weasels she sure had the knack
One in the front and the other in back
She liked this arrangement, it doubled her baht
Chum Chim the Whore and shit hot from Korat

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home
I'm tired and I want to go to bed
I had a little drink about an hour ago
And it went right to my head
Wherever I may roam
On land or sea or foam
You will always hear me singing this song
Show me the way to go home

Indicate the way to my abode
I'm fatigued and I want to retire
I had a spot of beverage sixty minutes ago
And it went right to my cerebellum
Wherever I may perambulate
On land, or sea of atmospheric vapor
You can always hear me crooning this melody
Indicate the way to my abode

SONG OF R AND R

(Tune: Moonlight on the Wabash)

When the ice is on the rice in old Chitose
And the Saki in the cellar starts to freeze
I don't want to see my wife in San Francisco
I just want to see my little Nipponeese

STANDING ON THE BRIDGE

Standing on the bridge at midnight
Throwing snowballs at the moon
She said sir I've never had it
But she spoke too fucking soon

It's the same the whole world over
It's the poor what gets the blame
It's the rich what gets the pleasures
Ain't it all a fucking shame

Standing on the bridge at midnight
Picking blackheads from her crotch
She said sir I've never had it
I said no not fucking much

It's the same the whole world over
It's the poor what gets the blame
It's the rich what gets the pleasures
Ain't it all a fucking shame

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES

We sit 'neath resounding rafters
The walls all around us are bare
They echo back the laughter
It seems that the dead are all here

We climb in the purple twilight
We loop in the silvery dawn
With black smoke trailing behind us
To show where our friends have all gone

CHORUS:

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozin' are we
We are the boys that they send out to die
Bosom buddies while boozin' are we
Up in headquarters they scream and they shout
'Bout lots of things they know nothing about
But we are the boys that they send out to die
Boozin' buddies while boozin' are we.

Cut off from the land that bore us
Betrayed by the land that we find
The good men have gone before us
And only the dull left behind

So stand by your glasses steady
The world is a web of lies
Here's to the dead already
Hurrah for the next man who dies.

CHORUS

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES (original)

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare;
As they shout back our peals of laughter
It seems that the dead are there.
Then stand to your glasses, steady!
We drink in our comrades' eyes:
One cup to the dead already--
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets glowing,
Not here is the vintage sweet;
'Tis cold as our hearts are growing,
And dark as the doom we meet.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
And soon shall our pulses rise:
A cup to the dead already--
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shaking,
And many a cheek that's sunk;
But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.
Then stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis here the revival lies:
Quaff a cup to the dead already--
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we laughed at others;
We thought we were wiser then;
Ha! Ha! Let them think of their mothers,
Who hope to see them again.
No! stand to your glasses, steady!
The thoughtless here is the wise:
One cup to the dead already--
Hurrah for the next that dies

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
Not a tear for the friends that sink;
We'll fall, midst the wine-cup's sparkles,
As mute as the wine we drink.
Come, stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis this that the respite buys.
A cup to the dead already--
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's a mist on the glass congealing,
'Tis the hurricane's sultry breath;
And thus does the warmth of feeling
Turn ice in the grasp of Death.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
For a moment the vapor flies:
Quaff a cup to the dead already--
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore,
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul can sting no more?
No, stand to your glasses, steady!
The world is a world of lies:
A cup to the dead already--
And hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
When the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest are most behind--
Stand, stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis all we have left to prize:
One cup to the dead already--
Hurrah for the next that dies!

This is, perhaps, the original of STAND TO YOUR GLASSES. Not a pilot's song, it was probably written in India during a plague epidemic.

THE THANH HOA BRIDGE

I was hanging 'round ops in this sweaty clime
Just cussin' the schedule and my lack of time
When up walks this Colonel and says "I suppose
You're a trained killer by the looks of your clothes."
Well, I looked him up once and I looked him down twice
I could tell by his sneer, he weren't thinkin' nice.
So, I said in a voice that was shakin' with fear,
"I am your man if you buy the beer."

CHORUS:

Oh, that Thanh Hoa Bridge
Oh, that Thanh Hoa Bridge
They've flak and missiles
You're some sitting duck
At downing good pilots
They've had lots of luck
Oh, that Thanh Hoa Bridge

The Colonel then said, "I've a place in mind
Where you can go if you are not blind.
They've flak and Migs and Sams and such,
I need a man whose good in the clutch."

I get all het up and ask what I'd get,
Twas a kick in the ass if I didn't hit
I told him I'd go 'cause they haven't found
A target in hell that I couldn't pound.

We jump in his car and go to the line.
Then he stops by a nickel tied up in twine.
"This is your bird now get on your way."
I could tell in a glance I'd sure earn my pay.
I crank the beast up and taxi on out,
As I leave the chocks I hear the Chief shout
"The oil pressure's low, the water don't work
And the stab aug's got one hell of a jerk."

I give him a grin and waggle my thumb,
This one's a counter and I'm not so dumb.
Well I take on off at two hundred per,
I got two on the wings and a full loaded mer.
I struggle up to ten thousand feet
Send down the tankers or we'll never meet
Well I take on my gas and head out on course
I call for a stter until I am hoarse.

But lion is down and invert won't say
And brigham says I'm not going his way
Well, I'm off on my own and all for the best
Those bastards don't know the east from the west
Now I get over Thanh Hoa and I look for the Bridge
They said it was south but its east of the ridge
I roll in on my run, it looks easy as pie
Til the flak starts bursting and coverin the sky

I cooly compute all the mils I will need,
And calmly adjust both angle and speed
I check my drift and with the bridge in my sight
I mash on the button and pull off to the right.

Well, I check back at six and I see this big bird
He's a closin in fast and he's sure riding herd
As he flashes by there's a red star on each side
It must be a Mig and there's no place to hide.

I head for the deck with all that she's got
When along comes this Sam, my God I've been shot!
While I'm drifting down in my chute all alone
I'm finally convinced that I'm no smoking stone
I'm wishin I was back in Kansas right now
With a face full of horseshit, my hand on the plow
But that ain't so and I'm down in the drink
A day like today can sure make a man think.

STRAFE THE TOWN

(Tune: Wake The Town And Tell The People)

Strafe the town and kill the people
Drop your napalm in the square
Take off early Sunday morning
Get 'em while they're still at prayer

Strafe the town and kill the people
Drop your high drags on the school
If you happen to take ground-fire
Just recall the golden rule

Drop some candy to the orphans
Watch 'em as they gather 'round
Use your twenty millimeter
Mow the little bastards down

See the dear old pregnant lady
Running through the field in fear
Walk your twenty mike-mike through her
Hope the film comes out real clear

Spray the town and kill the people
Get 'em with your poison gas
Watch 'em throwing up their breakfast
As you make your second pass

See them gather in the market
Waiting for their pound of rice
Skinny, hungry, starving people
Isn't burning harvests nice

Roll in with a pod of rockets
Slightly off-set for the breeze
Then caress the pickle button
Nail 'em 'fore they reach the trees

Cross the fence and safe the switches
Another mission almost done
Out of gas and ammunition
Isn't killing gomers fun

STRAFIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN (She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain)

Now listen all you airmen young and old
To the tale of fighter pilots young and bold
With their fighters painted yellow
Leaping off to contact Mellow
In the crisp Korean air so blue and cold.

It was dive bomb old Siniju, stop the Reds
Eight one thousand pounders loaded, instant heads
Four birds lined up on the runway
Wish I'd gone to church on Sunday
Hope we catch those lousy Commies in their beds.

Twenty thousand over Pyong Yang on Northwest
Gas mask flight about to face the acid test
Till at last the Yalu River
Which makes my liver quiver
With flak guns lined up twenty-four abreast

Dust clouds roll up from Antung 'cross the way
Twenty swept-wing Chinese war birds out to play
Thirty-sevens, twenty-threes
All lit up like Christmas trees
Tip tanks salvoed off we leap into the fray.

Kimpo tower clear the pattern in great haste
Twenty victory rolls our pilots do with grace
It was thrilling, it was hairy
Near that privileged sanctuary
Syngman Rhee will soon be president of this place.

Kimpo Tower, this is Gas Mask Willie Four
I am heading home, I'm through with this damn war
I am flying on to Taegu
Heading one-five-two to K-2
Cause they're sending back to Moscow for some more.

("Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing"
by Lt. "Rosie" Rosencrans)

SWINGING WINGS (F100 conversion to F111, Tune: Auld Lang Syne)

Should fighter pilots be forgot
And never loop again
We'll stuff them in a swinging wing
And cut their grog of gin

We'll stuff them in a swinging wing
A nav right by our side
We'll never bounce a lightning
Cause we can't see outside

Cross countries will be disapproved
We'll never get around
We'll see ol' Spain and Turkey, too
But never touch the ground

We'll wear our blues
And shine our shoes
We'll shine our gleaming brass
But when we fly the swinging wing
We'll never shine our ass.

SUITS OF COVEY BLUE

(Tune: Coats Of Navy Blue)

Once there was a waitress in the Ubon Hotel
Her mistress was a lady and her master was a swell
They knew she was a simple girl and lately from the farm
And so they watched her carefully to keep her safe from harm

CHORUS: (After each verse)
Singing of Willie Petes and rockets pods
Suits of covey blue
Let him fly the FAC planes like his daddy used to do

First there came a squadron, every fighter jockey's dream
They piled into the whorehouse and they packed the steam and cream
Many a maid and mistress and wife before them fell
But they never made the waitress at the Ubon Hotel

Then there came a company of the spectre's from the town
Followed by a complement of the rapists of Reknown
They broke through every maidenhead that came within their spell
But they never made the waitress at the Ubon Hotel.

Then there came a young covey, an ordinary bloke
A-Bulgin at the flightsuit with a heart of solid oak
In 'Nam without a woman for seven months or more
No need to ask this FAC what he was lookin' for

He asked her for a candlestick to light his way to bed
He asked her for a pillow on which to lay his weary head
And speaking very gently, just as though he meant no harm
He asked her to come to bed with him just to keep him warm

She lifted up the blankets and a moment there did lie
He was on her, he was in her, in the twinkling of an eye
He was out again and in again and plowing up a storm
And the only words she said to him were, I hope you're keeping warm

And early in the morning when the young covey arose
He said, here's 200 baht my dear for the trouble I have caused
If you have a daughter, then bounce her on your knee
But if you have a son, make the bastard fly like me

So now she sits in Ubon, a lovely daughter on her knee
A-watching for the airplanes, a-coming back from sea
A-watching for the Nomex, and Covey uniforms
And all she wants to do my boys, is keep the coveys warm.

TCHEPONE

I was hangin' round OPS just wastin' my time
Off of the schedule not earnin' a dime
When a Colonel comes up and says I suppose
You fly a fighter by the cut of your clothes
He figures me right I'm a good one I say
Do you happen to have me a target today
He says yes I do it's a real easy one
No sweat my boy its and old time milk run
Well I gets all excited and asks where it's at
Then he gives me a wink and a tip of his hat
It's three-fifty miles to the northwest of home
A quite little hamlet that's known as Tchepone
I zip up my G-suit and strap on my gun
Helmet and gloves out the door on the run
Fire up my Sabre and take to the air
Two's tucked in tight and we haven't a care
In forty-five minutes we're over the town
From base plus ten-thousand we're screamin'on down
Arm up the switches and dial in the mils
Rack up the wings and roll in for the kill.
We feel kind of sorry for folks down below
Of destruction that's coming they surely don't know
But the thought passes quickly, we know a war's on
As on down we scream toward peaceful Tchepone.
Quite peaceful Tchepone.
Release altitude and the pipper's not right
So I'll press just a little and lay 'em in tight
I pickle those babies at two point five grand
Starting my pull and it all hits the fan
A black puff ahead and then two off the right
Six or eight more and I suck it up tight
There's small arms and tracers and heavy ack-ack
It's scattered to broken with all kinds of flak
I jink hard to left an then head for the blue
My wingman says lead they're shooting at you
No bull I cried as I pointed for home
And still comes the fire from the town of Tchepone
Dirty, Deadly Tchepone
Well I make it back home with six holes in my bird
With the Colonel that sent me I'd sure like a word
But he's no where around though I look near and far
He's gone back to seventh to help run the war
I've been around this country for many a day
And I've seen all the things that they're shooting my way
I know that there's places I don't like to go
Down in the delta and in barrel roll
But I'll bet all my flight pay the jock ain't been born
Who can keep all his cool when he's over Tchepone
Oh don't go to Tchepone.

TIE MY PECKER TO A TREE

(Tune: Chisolm Trail)

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a penny
She said boy you can't have any

CHORUS:

Come and tie my pecker to a tree, to a tree
Come and tie my pecker to a tree

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a nickel
She said for that you don't even get a tickle

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a dime
She said young man you're wasting your time

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a quarter
She said young man I'm a preacher's daughter

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a half
She said young man you make me laugh

Reached in my pocket, pulled out six bits
All she did was wiggle her tits

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a buck
She said young man, you've bought a fuck

Took her to the kitchen laid her on the sink
Oh my God how her pussy did stink

Fucked her sittin', fucked her lyin'
If I'd had wings I'd fucked her flying

I awoke in the morning and guess what I saw
Fifteen crabs and big blue balls

I went to a doctor cause my pecker was sore
My God said the doctor you've been taken by a whore

And now you can see I'm a peckerless man
I fuck 'em with my finger and fool 'em when I can

Last time I saw 'er she was floatin' down the stream
With her ass full of jelly and her pussy full of cream

Jumped for the saddle but the saddle wasn't there
Shoved ten inches in the old grey mare

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS Sea Mixed Company Version

On the first day of Christmas the Gomers got from me:
(and) tracers through a mig canopy.

Two wing tanks
Three AIM-9's
Four AIM-7's
Five cans of nape
Six CBU's
Seven standard arms
Eight laser bombs
Nine KBA
Ten trains A'Burning
Eleven bridges falling
Twelve cells of buff

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS Sea Stag Version

On the first day of Christmas my true love gave to me:

A hand job in a pear tree
Two brass balls
Three french ticklers
Four cocksuckers
Five mother fuckers
Six sacks of shit
Seven scrotums swinging
Eight assholes aching
Nine nipples nibbling
Ten titties tingling
Eleven lesbians licking
Twelve twats a twitching

UP IN THAT VALLEY

Up in that valley
That valley so low
Where the Sam missiles flourish
And the 85's glow

The Thai Nguyen Steel Plant
The Hanoi Rail Yard
The bridges at Bac Giang
They've played their trump card

The iron hands they mill right
And the strike pilots flail
The Migs try to bounce us
But they always fail

The Mig cap he hollers
There's bandits at twelve
"Launch" screams the weasel
It's better in hell

The flak is a burstin'
Right next to my side
All I can hear is
You're laggin behind

We're down on the bomb run
The target's in sight
Sweet Jesus, I'm thinkin'
I'd better break right

We're breakin for Thud Ridge
What a beautiful sight
Oh shit, I just noticed
An overheat light

My heart is a pumpin'
I know I'm not dead
Please God get this old thud
Just out past the Red

If I can just get past
That muddy old slough
The Sandys and Jollys
Will pull me on through

I'm past ninety-seven
And now I can boast
The rest I can finish
Out over the coast

Where the tankers don't matter
Although I must say
Often I've seen it
Where they saved the day

Up in the valley
That valley of grief
I hope all your flights there
Will always be brief

Good-Bye to that valley
So long to Takhli
Don't bust your ass buddy
I'm going home free.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE OLD HEADS GONE (Tune: Where Have All The Flowers Gone)

Where have all the soldiers gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the soldiers gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the soldiers gone?
They've all gone to Vietnam.
When will they ever learn;
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the Vietnamese gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the Vietnamese gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the Vietnamese gone?
They've all become Viet Cong.
When will we ever learn;
When will we ever learn?

Where have all the VC gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the VC gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the VC gone?
To fix the bridges that we bomb.
When will they ever learn;
When will they ever learn?

Where do all the Weasels go?
Long time passing.
Where do all the Weasels go?
Long time ago.
Where do all the Weasels go?
O'er the ridge to meet the foe.
When will they ever learn;
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the SAM sites gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the SAM sites gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the SAM sites gone?
They've been down, oh, so, long.
When will they ever learn;
When will they ever learn?

Where do all the strike flights go?
Long time passing.
Where do all the strike flights go?
Long time ago.
Where do all the strike flights go?
'Cross the fence again, I know.
When will they ever learn;
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the flak sites gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the flak sites gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the flak sites gone?
Along the railroad, oh, so long.
When will they ever learn;
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the old heads gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the old heads gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the old heads gone?
They've gone home, their tour is done.
You see, they've finally learned;
Oh, yes, they've finally learned.

WHIFFENPOOF SONG

To the tables down at Morrie's
To the place where Louie dwells
To the dear old Temple Bar we love so well
See the Whiffenpoofs assembled
With their glasses raised on high
And the magic of their singing casts a spell.

Yes the magic of their singing of the songs we loved so well
Shall I wasting and mavoureen and the rest
We will serenade our Louie, while life and voice shall last
And we'll pass and be forgotten with the rest.

We're poor little lambs who have lost our way
BAA BAA BAA
We're little black sheep who have gone astray
BAA BAA BAA
Gentlemen songsters off on a spree
Doomed from here to eternity
Lord have mercy on such as we
BAA BAA BAA

WILL THE MIGS COME OUT TO PLAY? (My Indiana Home)

When the SAMs start rising from old Haiphong Harbor,
And the 85's start puffing at Kep Hay,
You will know your target's just around the mountain,
And you wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

Oh, you reach your pull up point and start your pop up,
And the tracers seem to urge you on your way,
You see the bridge and as you start your roll in,
You wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

Oh, you've dropped your bombs and now you're off and running,
Jinking hard you're on your merry way,
And as you reach the jagged limestone ridges,
You wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

Oh, you've reached the coast and all the sea is friendly
Your fuel is low, but not too low you say,
I can make it back to Korat nice and easy,
If only the MIGs don't come to play.

Oh, you start your climb and now you're resting easy,
A drink of water helps you on your way,
But a glint of light, a speck up high, and you know,
The MIGs have fin-al-ly come out to play.

Oh, your burner's lit, you're diving down, you're running,
But his overtake is much too great today,
In your dinghy bobbing on the Gulf of Tonkin,
You wish the MIGs just hadn't come to play!!

WILL THERE BE A TOMORROW (by Dick Jonas)

Can you say will the sun rise tomorrow
Will there be any time left to borrow
Will the poet make a rhyme, will there be any time
Can you say will there be a tomorrow

Seems to me I have been here forever
Will this war ever end maybe never
Will the dawn still arrive, will I still be alive
Or will I sleep alone here forever

There's someone who I'm sure loves me only
She's the one on my mind when I'm lonely
Does she know, can she see, is she still true to me
Does she know what it's like to be lonely

From the sea comes the sun dawn is breaking
Soon the fight for my life I'll be making
If I die over here, will they now, will they care
Will there be joy or hearts that are breaking

Can you say will the sun rise tomorrow
Will there be any time left to borrow
Will the poet make a rhyme, will there be any time
Can you say will there be a tomorrow

WILL YOU GO BOOM TODAY (Tune: Tarara Boom De-A)

If you fly an 89, you must be dumb, deaf, and blind
For your life ain't worth a dime, what's your scheduled blow up time

CHORUS:
Will you go boom today, will you go boom today
Two blew up yesterday, Allison ain't here to stay

If you fly an 86, you must really get your kicks
Bouncing the all weather boys, playing with their radar toys.

If you fly a 94, you will never holler more
For your lot we do not pine, it's better than an 89.

If you fly a thunder-jet, you will really have no sweat
For your life you will not pound, the clunker won't get off the ground

WINGMAN'S LAMENT (Sweet Betsy From Pike)

We turned the Red and lead said, "Push it up."
I used my burner and couldn't keep up.
I was dragging behind; it sure ain't no fun.
I said, "Leader, leader, oh please, give me one."
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

Flying above us were several F-4's.
They're 'bout as useful as tits on a boar.
They brief in the air and they pull other pranks,
Like bombarding Fives with their empty drop tanks.
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

We hit Cho Moi and then turned on our run.
The gunners below uncovered their guns.
I tell you the weather up there can change fast
From clear and fifteen to a black overcast.
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

Lead passed the target before he rolled in
With 300 knots: a capital sin.
And try though I did, and I tried as I pleased,
I had 400 knots and 20 degrees.
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

I rolled in and lit a fresh cigarette.
A few puffs of flak were nothing to sweat.
A damned golden BB met up with my plane.
Hey coach, I think I will drop out of the game.
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

P-1 and P-2 fall down through the red.
I begin to fear my Thunderchief's dead.
The slab and the stick, they soon separated.
By the finger of fate, I have been mated.
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

The living at Hilton ain't very good.
I find the quarters as bad as the food.
The waiters, they give us a whole lot of lip.
But we don't have to pay, we don't have to tip.
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

So listen, my friends, if you're flying today,
Keep it high, keep it fast, is what I say.
Keep up with your leader, but still, just the same,
You bet your own ass, is the name of the game.
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

THE WOODPECKER (Tune: Dixie)

Oh I stuck my finger in a Woodpecker's hole
And the Woodpecker said well bless my soul
Take it out, take it out, take it out, remove it.

So I removed my finger from the Woodpecker's hole
And the Woodpecker said well bless my soul
Put it back, put it back, put it back, replace it.

So I replaced my finger in the Woodpecker's hole
And the Woodpecker said well bless my soul
Turn it around, turn it around, turn it around, revolve it.

So I revolved my finger in a Woodpecker's hole
And the Woodpecker said well bless my soul
In and out, in and out, in and out, reciprocate it.

So I reciprocated my finger in the Woodpecker's hole
And the Woodpecker said well bless my soul
Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out, retract it.

So I retracted my finger from the Woodpecker's hole
And the Woodpecker said well bless my soul
Take a smell, take a smell, take a smell, revolting.

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT (Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

By the ring around his eyeball
You can tell a bombardier
You can tell a bomber pilot
By the spread around his rear
You can tell a navigator
By his sextants, maps and such
You can tell a fighter jockey
BUT YOU CAN'T TELL HIM MUCH!

YOU TAKE THE LEGS

You take the legs from a Grand piano
You take the stuffing from an old arm chair
You take the face from a Grandfather clock
Around the top you put a bit of hair
You tie the whole flamin' issue together
With some wire, some string, and some glue
And I get more satisfaction out of
Fuckin' that contraption
Than I get out of fuckin' you.

A ZPU GUNNER

CHORUS:

A ZPU gunner, a ZPU gunner, a ZPU gunner am I,
A ZPU gunner, a ZPU gunner, If they give me a SAM site, I'll die.

I graduated at the top of my gunners' class,
I worked hard you will agree,
But three classes behind,
Those guys that were blind,
Got the same assignment as me.

So I asked for a Barrell Roll assignment,
I said, "A shit-hot young gunner I am,"
They gave me a block,
On top of the rock
Dodging CBU and runaway GAMs.

So I asked for Steel Tiger assignment
And I got there one bright, sunny day,
That night, by flare light
They laid'em in tight,
I wound up on Ravens BDA

Well, soon I crawled out of my spider hole,
I put a new clip on my gun,
The very next day,
Despite BDA,
I hosed down Falcon One-One.

Well, I went PCS to Mu Gia,
To a two-seater thirty-sever upgrade,
But one thing I can't hack,
It's that guy in the back,
Tellin' me every mistake that I've made.

He reads me all of the checklist,
We pre-fire the gun in the pits,
But if I shoot a bit low,
Or am just tad slow,
The first thing I hear is "I've got it!"

We read the Yankee frag daily,
We know who's flying, who's not,
We sit in the shade,
While the passes are made,
Reading sex manazines, smoking pot.

GALWAY BAY

Maybe someday I'll go back again to Ireland
If me dear old wife would only pass away
Oh she drives me nearly heartbroke with her naggin'
She's a mouth as big as Galway Bay

See her drinkin' sixteen pints at Padgel Murphy's
And when she stands to walk, it's with a sway
If the sea were beer instead of salty water
Then she would live and die in Galway Bay

See her drinkin' sixteen cans of Pabst Blue Ribbon
And when the barman says it's time to go
Oh she does not try to speak with him in Gaelic
But uses language that the clergy do not know

On her back there is tattoo'd a map of Ireland
And when she takes a bath on Saturday
Oh she rubs that sunlight soap up north by Tratta
just to watch the suds flow down by Galway Bay

I'M A FAC (Tune: Five Foot Two)

I'm a FAC, dressed in black,
Droppin' bombs on Nguyen's back
Has anybody seen my smoke?

CBU, rockeye too
Even 82's will do
Can anybody see my smoke

Well if you run into, a ZPU
You're flyin' too low
Triple A, every day
That's the only way to go

Thunderstorms, all around
I can't even see the ground
But Hillsburger won't let me go

I want to RTB, to 93
The weather is shitty at NKP
But Hillsburger won't let me go

I'm at the catcher's mitt, took a hit
My shit is weak
Fuckin'-A, it ain't my day
Nguyen blew my shit away

In the chute, comin' down
Nguyen's waitin' on the ground
Beeper beeper come up voice (and don't forget it)
Beeper beeper come up voice (you mother fuckers)
Beeper beeper come up voice

I FUCKED A DEAD WHORE (Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean)

I fucked a dead whore by the roadside
I knew right away she was dead
The skin was all gone from her tummy
The hair was all gone from her head

And as I lay down there beside her
I knew I'd committed a sin
So I pressed my lips to her cold pussy
And sucked out the wad I'd shot in

CHORUS:

Sucked out, sucked out, I sucked out the wad I'd shot in, shot in
Sucked out, sucked out, I sucked out the wad I'd shot in

MRS MURPHY'S CHOWDER

Oh the Murphys gave a party just about a week ago
Everything was plentiful, the Murphys they're not slow
They treated us like gentlemen, we tried to act the same
But only for what happened, well it was an awful shame

When Mrs Murphy dished the chowder out
She fainted on the spot
She found a pair of overalls
In the bottom of the pot
Tim Nolan he got rippin' mad
His eyes were bulgin' out
He jumped up on the PI-A-NO
And loudly he did shout

Oh, who threw the overalls in Mrs Murphy's chowder
Nobody spoke, so he shouted all the louder
It's an Irish trick that's true
I can lick the mick that threw
The overalls in Mrs Murphy's chowder

So we dragged the pants from out the soup and laid them on the floor
Each man swore upon his breast he'd ne'er seen them before
They were plastered up with mortar and were worn out at the knee
They'd had their many ups and downs as we could plainly see

But when Mrs Murphy she came to she began to cry and pout
She'd had them in the wash that day and forgot to take them out
Tim Nolan he excused himself for what he'd said that night
But we put music to the words and sang with all our might

Oh, who threw the overalls in Mrs Murphy's chowder
Nobody spoke so we shouted all the louder
It's an Irish trick that's true
I can lick the mick that threw
The overalls in Mrs Murphy's chowder

RAVENS IN THE SKY

(Tune: Riders in the Sky)

A lone O-1 flew out across the northern PDJ
A single flyer dressed in jeans, he jinked along the way
When all at once, a mighty line of tanks and trucks was seen
A movin' down route 7, and across the plain of green

CHORUS:
Raven, Raven, why have you gone away?

Their treads were churning mud and their muzzles spouting flame
The sky was filled with airbursts and each one called his name
His blood was turned to ice - his backseater filled with dread
So many others went before, so many others dead

CHORUS

His hands, they moved like lightening, his airplane like a steed
A slender, racing rocket performed it's mighty deed
The Chapacaes then followed with courage few have seen
For fighting for their freedom was more than just a dream

CHORUS

The bombs fell like all hell and the CBU like hail
The Raven drove the fighters like a hammer would a nail
A hundred men had left Hanoi, a hundred men must die
At the hands of Meo pilots and Ravens in the sky

CHORUS

Another battle, one of many, ended on that day
But the next day saw 200 soldiers cross the PDJ
And so it went from year to year as we fought man to man
Our blood was spilled for nothing, our future cast in sand

CHORUS

I walk along in silence and think of what took place
I see my friends before me and each one has a face
But why am I still living while they were lost at prime?
Perhaps I shall yet join them, in another place and time.

CHORUS

Craig W. Duehring
Raven 27